

**3 a.m.**

**Gregory Alan Isakov**

Well its 3 AM again, like it always seems to be  
Drivin' northbound, drivin' homeward, drivin' wind is drivin' m  
e  
And it just seems so funny that I always end up here,  
Walkin' outside in the storm while looking way up past the tree-  
line  
It's been some time...

Give me darkness when I'm dreaming  
Give me moonlight when I'm leaving  
Give me shoes that weren't made for standing  
Give me tree-line, give me big sky, get me snow-  
bound, give me rain clouds give me a bed time...just sometimes

Now you're talkin in my room, but there ain't nobody here  
Cuz I've been driving like a trucker, I been burnin' through th  
e gears  
I've been training like a soldier, I've been burnin' through th  
is sorrow,  
And the only talkin lately is that background radio...

You were my friend, and I was the same  
Riding that hope was like catching some train  
Well now I just walk, well I dont mind the rain  
But I've been singing so much softer than I did back then

The night, I think, is darker than we can really say  
And god's been living in that ocean, sending us all the big wav  
es  
And I wish I was a sailor so I could know just how to trust,  
Maybe I could bring some grace back home to the dryland for all  
of us

Say what you say, you say it so well  
Just say you will wait, like snow on the rail  
I been combing that train yard for some kind of sign  
Even my own self, it just don't seem mine

Give me darkness when I'm dreaming, give me moonlight when I'm  
leaving  
Give me mustang horse and muscle, cuz I wont be goin gentle  
Give me slant-  
eye looks when I'm lying, give me fingers when I'm crying  
And I aint out there to cheat you, see I killed that damn coyot  
e in me...